

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH

I SAW a new heaven and a new earth : for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.

Revelation of St John

THE GREAT WALL OF FREEDOM

Reunion of the English-Speaking Nations in the Fight for Liberty

Do you really believe we shall win, or do you write to comfort us ? An old friend of the C N

It is one of the heartbreaking things that the victory that is so sure must be so slow, and it is not surprising that people sleeping in millions underground, with destruction raging all about them, with days full of anxiety and a terror by night unequalled in the history of the world, should begin to wonder what the end of it must be. Are we sure we are winning, or is it possible that the terrible powers of steel and fire may overwhelm us all ?

The whole history of the human race shows that it is not possible. Not once nor twice but many times the tyrants have seemed stronger than the peoples, but it is the spirit that has won against brute strength.

Beacons of the English Spirit

It need not be denied today that those who knew the naked strength of the pagan forces against us had anxious fears lest it should overcome a little Island unprepared ; but had our power been broken here our spirit would have lived beyond the seas and nothing would have overwhelmed it.

It breaks our hearts to see the things we see, but if London Bridge had fallen down and the Abbey had been wrecked ; if the dome of St Paul's lay strewn in fragments on Ludgate Hill, and the British Museum was a heap of stones and Hyde Park filled with Nazi troops, the noble figures of Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln would be looking at each other across the pitiful ruin, beacons of the English spirit and a pledge that it should never perish from the earth. Our sea power still would keep us great, and in the vast spaces of the empire of eternal sun there would be built up, in hundreds of millions of hearts and hundreds of thousands of workshops, the instruments of victory that would restore the Island and scatter its invaders as dust on the wind.

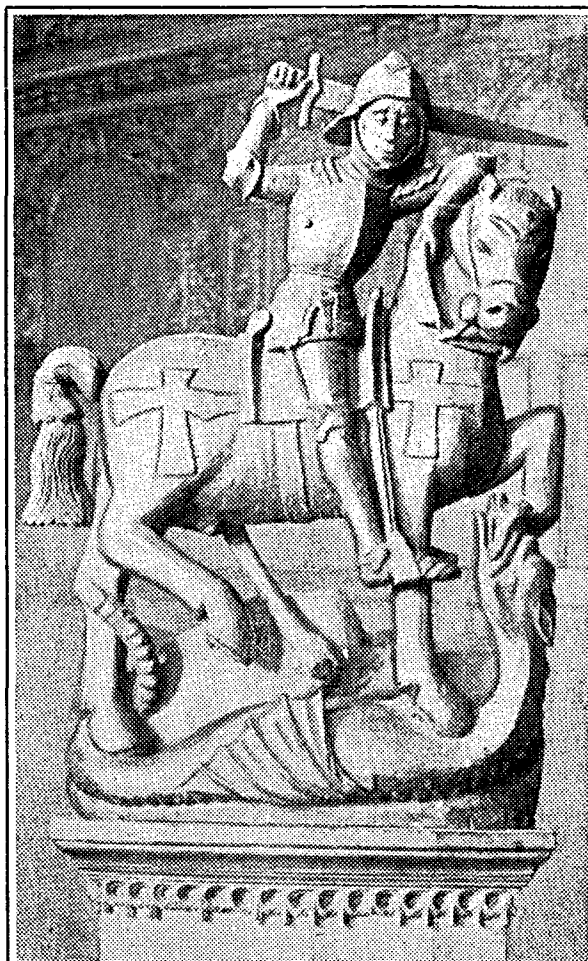
But let us look at the material forces opposing each other in this War of the World. We think of ourselves as alone, and it is an inspiring thing that upon our lives the freedom of the human race depends ; but indeed we are not alone, for even in these islands are growing up seven legions of men of other lands who will one day be a mighty army, and well we know that above all these we have behind us the heart and soul and the vast workshops of America.

Reunion of the English-Speaking Peoples

Let us free our minds of the thought that America should be sending over a great army of men to fight and die for us ; far better that she should give us their strength to forge the means of victory, that she should be strong when peace comes and the fighting nations are exhausted. It is weapons we want now, not men ; it will be a strong America we shall need on our side when we sit round a table to build up a new world.

No more thrilling news ever came across the Atlantic than Mr Roosevelt's victory, and all good people in the world must pray that his powerful voice may be heard with our Prime Minister's when the clarion call of freedom rings again.

If we could take a census of the world's peoples it is certain that those in favour of Hitler and his Slave-States would be perhaps two hundred millions and those against him two thousand millions. Even if we leave out all the oppressed unorganised peoples of the earth, and count ourselves with America in the West and China in the East, we have three great blocks of a thousand million people loving freedom. But let us be practical and rule out China, and there stands arrayed against the Nazis, the Mussis, and the



Coventry is old, very old, and this is her odd and ancient figure of St George, in St Mary's Hall on the night of terror. See page 2

Japs the two most powerful organised communities in the world, the American Republic and the British Empire.

WE may dream of Federal Union, and a noble vision it is, but what we have here and now is the reunion of the English-speaking peoples, bound in bonds that are stronger than life, and that not even death can break. The Great Wall of China is one of the material wonders of the world, but it is nothing compared with the material and spiritual wonder of the Great Wall of Freedom.

In this Age of Power it is the strongest thing on earth, and not all the devilries of despotism can prevail against it. We do well, when we begin to doubt of victory, to think of the marvellous material resources of the Republic and the

Empire. We see what despots can do when they are fighting for their lives. We have seen what they can do with long years of dedicating all their powers, all their dreams, all their resources, to war. The spirit of man has saved us from this peril and given us time, and the spirit of man has now at its command powers that will work for it in every freedom-loving land and in every honourable workshop in the world. The British Empire alone is one-quarter of the earth, and the Republic and the Empire between them are nearly half the world without Africa. They are equal in area to nine Europes. It is not conceivable that this Lord of the Wilderness who cannot feed his people (whose New Order cannot even give the Danes butter on their bread) can beat such powers as these or stand against them long.

The Incalculable Resources

Think of the incalculable resources of the United States, now all thrown into the scale. She has seven million farms producing food. The value of their animal products alone is equal to our own national expenditure in time of peace. The value of her minerals in a single year is eight hundred million pounds, and she has fifty thousand million gallons of oil a year. In six of her great industrial regions the value of goods produced is three hundred million pounds for each area, and a dozen other areas produce half as much. She has 130,000,000 people, and the number of Germans and Italians who have left their countries for democratic rule in the United States is equal to the population of Berlin. This vast Republic has 8000 miles of coastline on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, navigable rivers which would make a waterway right round the earth, and roads and railways that would girdle the world twenty times.

AND now think of the vastness of the Empire with one-quarter of the civilised people of the earth, speaking three hundred languages, living in all climates, cultivating all soils, producing everything the human race needs. It is the greatest wool-producer in the world ; has vast tea and cotton supplies from India, which is also becoming a great manufacturing country ; and has illimitable wheatlands on three continents. It stretches from the fringe of the frozen areas round the North Pole to where Captain Scott lies with his comrades near the South Pole

Pax Britannica

Its flag flies over regions Caesar neither knew nor heard of. It is a league of nations of its own, unique in history for its size, its variety, the multitude of its people, the extraordinary number of races to which they belong, their strange beliefs and religious faiths, and their varying degrees of civilisation. They inhabit every continent and hundreds of islands. They live in jungles, in wide open spaces, on the edge of the desert, in remote and rocky mountain fastnesses, in wild places where wolves come creeping round by night, and in the greatest cities in the world.

ALL these have come together to find peace under the British Crown, bound by an invisible chain far stronger than the steel of a Dictator's sword. They have built up a prosperity, a way

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THE MEN WHO ARE WINNING THE WAR

THERE are two more VCs on the great roll of British courage.

One is that of the captain of the Jervis Bay, who fought a German battleship more powerful than his own, stood on the bridge when wounded, and went down after securing the safety of 33 ships carrying food and supplies. He was Captain Fogarty Fegen, and his name shines in our history with those of Drake and Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. No man has died more nobly for his country.

The other VC is given to Flight-Lieutenant Nicolson, the first fighter-pilot to win it in this war. His Hurricane was shattered by enemy shells and set on fire, but he stuck to it, and, seeing a Messerschmitt

overtaking him, he pressed his gun-button so that it burnt the skin off his thumb, and while his left hand blistered in the flames shot down the enemy before leaping to earth. As he floated down another Messerschmitt swooped down on him, but he pretended to be dead, and reached the earth with blood oozing out of the lace-holes of his boots, and so burned that his life was despaired of. Happily he recovered to enjoy a meeting with his wife and their little son, and to fly the skies again. He is a London lad, a Tonbridge School boy, and was married to a Yorkshire girl, so that he has a good recipe for success and fame. London, Kent, and Yorkshire, these three, are surely enough.

He Passed On His Chance of Life

WE need not tell again about the grand fight put up by the Jervis Bay; it will go down to history as among the most stirring deeds of our seamen. There is no story to beat it in all our past. But perhaps we may tell the story of the little Swedish merchant vessel in the convoy.

The Jervis Bay had laid down a smoke screen which enabled all but a few of the 38 ships in the convoy to scatter and escape, but Captain Sven Olander kept his ship in the vicinity, mustered his crew on deck, and asked them if they would stop with him to try to pick up survivors from the Jervis Bay. It was a life and death vote, but they all wanted to stop

and to do what could be done. Speaking of the Jervis Bay Captain Olander says:

There she rode like a hero. She was right into the guns of the battleship. She did not have a chance, and we all knew it, but there she stayed to the last to give us in the merchant ships a chance to run for it.

After nightfall Captain Olander was able to find the rafts of the Jervis Bay and to pick up 65 survivors. He had been given his chance to escape, but remained on the spot to save those who had saved his own ship and the lives of himself and his men. He passed on to others the chance of life he had received.

THE GREAT WALL OF FREEDOM

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of life, and a moral outlook on the world which makes them the happiest, the most prosperous, and the most powerful group of people on the earth. In these days when confidence has almost broken down there is everywhere a boundless faith throughout the British Empire. Its debts run up to ten thousand million pounds, yet there is not a country in the world that would not lend it more. That is the measure of success or failure in a nation; if its credit stands with every land there is not much wrong with it. How does Hitler's credit stand, and the credit of the little partner waiting like a jackal for the spoils?

There is not a country in the world that would lend them sixpence. There is not a citizen in any other land who would volunteer to fight for them.

It is a simple question of arithmetic who must win, given time. Hitler and his partner in barbarism are captives in a ring through which nothing can pass into them. In that ring is the vast accumulation of machinery for the destruction of life that they have piled up by starving their people of all that makes life worth living. They have added to their stores by looting Europe, enslaving its peoples and carrying off their food, but their stores grow less from day to day, and will be exhausted. We stand outside the ring, the Republic and the Empire, and the vast

potential wealth of all the world is ours. Everywhere the factories hum for us; the mills and the mines and the workshops, the wheatfields and the farmlands, the cotton fields, the cattle on a thousand hills, the hammers clanging on the anvils, the multitude of people toiling day and night—all this is ours.

ARE we winning? Add up the sum of things inside the ring and the sum of things outside the ring, and the answer will come. Time we have, patience we must have, and, though it be through much tribulation, there is awaiting us so great a page in history that it will glow in a thousand years like the noonday sun and the stars that shine in the firmament.

Arthur Mee

It Costs More to Live

It now costs very much more to live than when the World War began in August 1914.

If we take the ordinary needs of life of a modest family, for every 100 shillings spent then 189 shillings have now to be spent to buy the same things.

From now on costs will be higher still, partly from war causes and partly because the new Purchase Tax has come into operation.

COVENTRY

A full description of Coventry and its treasures, the medieval cathedral and the beautiful buildings of the city, is in the Warwickshire volume of the King's England, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d.

Little News Reels

A very poor Indian church at Travancore has sent the London Missionary Society enough money to buy an ambulance for air raid victims in London.

Professor Basil Mathews is now helping with the monthly News Letter of the League of Coloured Peoples, which gives world news of the activities of the Negro race.

There are now several coloured commissioned officers in the Army and the Air Force.

Australian Airlines announced the other day that they had completed two years of flying without a fatal accident to a passenger, having flown 100 million passenger miles.

Viscount Nuffield's 25,000 employees are to be inoculated free of charge against colds and typhoid.

The Ministry of Agriculture has prepared a list of texts in the hope that sermons will be preached from them in support of the movement to grow more vegetables.

More than a hundred cases of clothing and blankets have been received from the West Indies for the homeless people of London.

Alderman J. G. Graves of Sheffield has given the Government £250,000.

Oats have been grown successfully 1200 feet above sea-level at Mewby Head Farm, Ingleborough.

The Emperor of Japan has decreed that top hats need no longer be worn at Court functions.

Altrincham Voluntary Land Club, just completing its first year, has saved hundreds of acres of crops which otherwise would have been lost.

A Hampstead citizen has left £10,000 for research scholarships to University College Hospital, London, and to Edinburgh University.

Scout and Guide News Reel

The Girl Guides of the Empire have presented four mobile canteens to the Y M C A, two of which were handed over to Princess Helena Victoria, the president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Y M C A, during a recent Alert.

Medals of Merit for courage in rescuing children from drowning have been awarded to Sea Guide Peggy Durman, 15, of the Research, Dartford, and Guide Beryl Smith, 12, of the 1st Tunstall Company, Staffordshire.

Bill and Mike Palmer, Durban Scouts, saved their pocket-money for many weeks and bought a yacht; then a Liberty Fair was organised in aid of South Africa's National War Fund, so Bill and Mike gave their yacht to the Fair.

Scouts showed their resourcefulness when the gas failed in an outer London area; they turned out in force and helped refugees by cooking for them over open fires.

THINGS SEEN

Rich raspberries gathered from a Cheshire garden in November.

Traffic crossing a bridge over a bomb crater in a London street.

Coventry folk standing in their ruined streets singing God Save the King.

Six hundred people calm and safe and singing in the crypt of a church hit by a bomb.

Coventry Before Its Terrible Night

WE came away from Coventry not long ago, in the happy days before the terrible night in which its ancient cathedral and hundreds of its houses were outraged, and wrote of it as the Town of Fortune's Wheel.

The wheel has gone round tragically since then and the streets of this great town, one of the busiest hives of work in the whole world, and one of the most interesting cities in the whole of Britain, are a scene of bitter ruin, a spectacle of Nazi Murder which those who have seen it can never forget.

This is how Coventry struck us when we were last there, before the curse of Hitler was upon it. It is good to know that the industrial capacity of the city has been little affected by the assassin's bombs.

IN the middle of England like the hub of a wheel stands Coventry, and it is the happytown of Fortune's Wheel, for the wheel has made its fortune.

It is its delight to call itself the centre of England and the centre of progress. All those things that have contributed so much to the changed life of the world have their manufacturing home in this fine town. It is England's birthplace of the age of speed and swift communications.

Stupendous Progress

Coventry gives us the means to span continents in the aeroplane. It has made all England our parish if we own a car. Probably most of our ten million cyclists ride machines from a Coventry factory. The city puts a girdle round the whole earth with its telephones.

If we turned back the pages of this town's history as a manufacturing centre, we should see how one great industry and then another has risen and often declined, but above all we should see how the long view, and faith in the future, have made Coventry what it is, an industrial city with a marvellous vision of prosperity before it. In a single generation it has nearly trebled its population. Its area today is five times as big as at the beginning of our century. Its rateable value doubled in seven years, and in King George the Fifth's reign over 700 new factories or extensions of factories were built.

A City Without Smoke

And the marvel of it all is that Coventry, with an industrial life so varied and progressive, is a city of clear skies which have sometimes turned the thoughts of a visitor to the Mediterranean. Its buildings are almost free from dust. The stained glass of its churches, though so near to the factories, is not obscured by smoke. There is pure air in the centre of the city. Its factories are clean and well-lighted, and all because Coventry saw the future in electricity, and insisted on using it where it could instead of burning coal. It has become a great industrial city without blotting out the sun or destroying its beauty, and it stands a high example to cities everywhere.

If it is proud of its industrial history and achievements, Coventry is also proud of its place in our country's story. It loves the tale of

Godiva's Ride and the legend of Peeping Tom, the memory of miracle plays and pageants, and of the many kings and queens who have been this way.

It is proud also of its adaptability to change, the quality that has made it the capital of the motor-car world. Again and again it has seen its prosperity threatened and has adapted itself to something new. As today it builds up new trades in place of old ones, so in early times it raised new churches on the ruins of the old. Coventry had four great monasteries and all are gone; but it has three famous spires, inspiring witnesses to the story of a city which enshrines as much of our English spirit as we find anywhere within so short a compass.

Rich Store of Memories

Hardly can we set foot in this fine town without following steps illustrious in history. We walk to Gosford Green (a little greensward Coventry has kept throughout the centuries) and we are at the spot where, on a September day in 1397, the lists were set for the trial by combat between Henry Bolingbroke and Thomas Mowbray. At Mount Pleasant we stand where Richard pitched his tent before the fight, stopped it, and banished them.

With music of harp and dulcimer and lute Coventry greeted its kings and queens in ancient times; with the roar of motors it receives us now. From the city walls the trumpet would sound; now it is the hooter at the factory gate. Arrayed in scarlet were the brethren of the guilds, and the commonalty in gowns of green and hoods of red, when kings came to this city of brave processions and fine attire; today it goes about its business sombrely clad, but with a rich store of memories and with as much of Tudor England to show as we shall find perhaps in any of our working towns.

Rare Group of Buildings

In the heart of Coventry the old city mingles with the new. The cathedral and St Mary's Hall, Holy Trinity Church a few yards away, and near it the ruins of the old cathedral of St Mary, the ancient timbered dwellings for neighbours to the church and the cathedral—what a rare group it is! In a radius of 200 yards is packed a world of beauty and wonder to fill a book.

WE left Coventry feeling that it had been an unforgettable pilgrimage. It had shown us much that is fine and noble and dignified. It had inclined our hearts to the pity and pathos and splendour that make up Old England's story. Change and decay it has seen through relentless years, but the solemn beauty of its churches and the memory of its guilds live on. The famous spires, soaring still to heaven, are like pointers to yet greater things.

And now . . .

The Incredible Journey

AN elderly Scottish lady is resting in Montreal on her way back to her native land.

No wonder she is exhausted, for she has come all the way from Sweden via Russia, Japan, and the Pacific Ocean. How strange to think that in these so-called civilised days it is so unsafe to take the normal route across the North Sea from Sweden to Scotland!

The story reminds us of the adventures during the last war of a French-Canadian priest whose parish was in the Peace River district in the Arctic Circle.

He happened to be a French reservist. War broke out in August 1914 and all Frenchmen were called to the colours. As he lived so far away his call did not reach him until the summer of 1915, and because of the short season and the ice he was unable to get out until the summer of 1916. Then he travelled by the fastest route available and reached Paris in December 1916. It was 1917 before he found himself in the front line. Peace came in 1918, and in 1919 he started for home, arriving at his parish in 1920.

THE CAT AT THE LIZARD

This story of a cat comes from a C.N. friend at the Lizard in Cornwall.

The cat was sitting on its mistress's lap, and there were two sisters in the room, one of whom happened to say to the other, "Would you like some brown bread?" Instantly the cat jumped down and went to the lady spoken to, rubbing up against her in a begging attitude. It seems that pussy is fond of brown bread and knows the words when spoken by her mistress; here she recognised them from a stranger.

The cat knows the biscuit tin and will often beg for one, but if a biscuit is left on the tin she will not touch it until it is given to her.

Searching for a Lost Continent

THOSE who dream of a lost continent of Atlantis, sunk in the Atlantic Ocean between Africa and the Americas, may have their hopes quenched or confirmed in the next few years.

Captain Gilbert Rude is to make for the United States ocean survey a prolonged sounding of the Atlantic Ridge, a vast submerged plateau which lies where Atlantis might have been. In the Pacific Ocean off the coast of California exploration by the new echo sounding instruments has revealed deep long canyons on the ocean bed, such as may have

been made by rivers thousands of years ago when the Pacific coast began to lift, as it is lifting still.

If the Atlantic survey now to be undertaken reveals canyons and valleys like those of a typical land surface, an argument will be found for believing that here was once a continent submerged when the ice of the last great Ice Age, 100,000 years ago, melted and raised the ocean level in the northern hemisphere high enough to drown the land. But if the Atlantic Ridge proves a smooth unchannelled surface the Atlantis myth will disappear for ever.

STITCH, STITCH, STITCH

In a report issued by the National Institute for the Blind, dealing with the achievements of blind people during the war, mention is made of Miss Ellen Ollier of Crewe, a blind bedridden woman who can use only one arm. Since the outbreak of war she has knitted for the troops 25 scarves and ten blankets, the blankets containing 1,500,000 stitches.

THIS KIND WORLD

A mother duck and nine ducklings are alive and clucking today because of a kind railway superintendent of the Great Northern Railway in Montana.

He learned that a mallard duck had built a nest within ten feet of the tracks and issued the following order:

Wild duck has nest containing nine eggs about 10 feet east of the west switch at Matador on south side of track. Please inform all enginemen to be careful not to blow down boiler or open overflow or cylinder cocks in this location, to avoid disturbing the mother duck.

PASSING IT ON

Just a hundred years ago was born Dr Henry Burton, writer of the famous hymn "Pass it on." He was a native of Leicestershire, and entered the Wesleyan ministry. He died nearly ninety years old, loved by all who knew him. He wrote the well-known hymn "Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on," through an incident which occurred in the life of his brother-in-law, Mark Guy Pearse.

When Mr Pearse was a boy he was returning from Holland, and the steward of the boat showed him much kindness because the boy's father had been very kind to the steward's mother, and he was "simply passing on the kindness."

ONLY THE ROOF

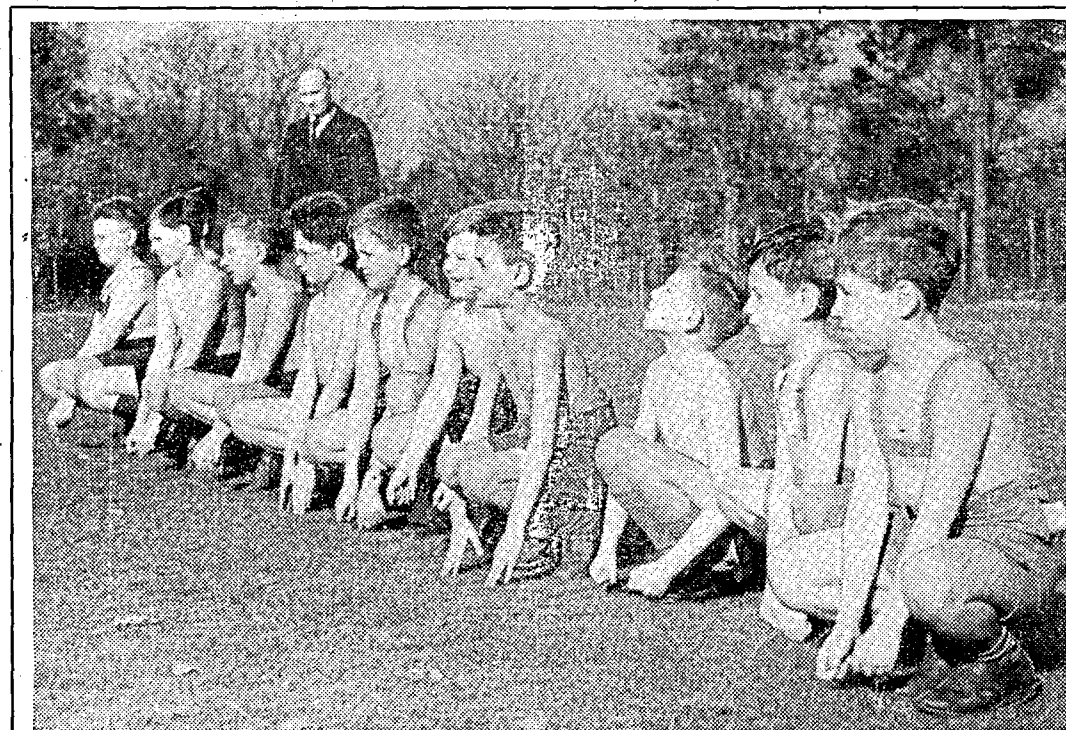
Bitter disappointment was heard in the voice of a woman in a London bus the other day.

"When a bomb fell on that house last night," she was saying, "there was such a blaze that I thought the whole building had gone. But when I went to look in the morning it was only a bit of the roof after all!"

The Root Pump

A LETTER from a C.N. friend the other day reported that in his spare time he had pulled up 1800 nettles by the roots; and he asked if we had ever seen a nettle root. It is like a piece of rope full of knots, and yards long at times. Where they grow like that they possess the earth.

More than that, they lay greedy hands on its water. Some important experiments on the power of roots to pump up water have occupied Dr Philip White's laboratory for several years. He reports



Czecho-Slovakia in England

The Czecho-Slovak Government has started a school near London for young refugees from that unhappy land. All the sixty scholars are boarders, and those whose parents cannot afford the fees are educated free. Here are some of the boys at physical training

ATTIC TREASURE

There has been a happy result in Manchester of the Government's order to clear out attics. Over 100 dresses and a large number of dress accessories of fashions a hundred years old and more, have come to light. They have been on exhibition in Platt Hall Art Gallery.

REMEMBER GRENFELL

Dr Grenfell is among the immortals, but his work must be carried on, and C.N. readers can help it forward this winter by buying Labrador Christmas cards.

This year the sale of these, which include a humorous drawing by Dr Grenfell of animals dancing in the Northern Lights, will benefit children whose fathers have come across the ocean to fight by our side. These Christmas cards, with Dog Team stationery and Dr Grenfell's books, can be bought from the Grenfell Association, which carries on Sir Wiltred's work at 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

THE C.N. BOY

Sirens sound, bombs may fall, and all around we see the stress and debris of tragic, changeable days.

But there is one little man whose habit changes not, and it puts heart into us to see him. Every Thursday since war began, or maybe on a Friday if the train is late, he walks slowly up the garden path, the paper boy with his nose buried in our copy of the C.N.

If we tell him an Alert has just gone it makes no difference. He takes a last look at the paper before he hands it up, smiles, and says, *Aw! Don't worry.*

THE REVOLVING OBSERVATORY

A remarkable telescope, less in size than the awaited 200-inch reflector of Mount Palomar but more unusual in shape, has been erected for Harvard Observatory at Oak Ridge. This is the Jewett reflector, which is a 33-inch spherical reflector with a correcting plate. This sphere can reflect a far greater area of the sky than any ordinary telescopic mirror, which is confined to taking in a fraction of one degree of the sky. The Jewett reflector can take in from 10 to 100 degrees, according to the task it is set.

Not less noteworthy is the building where it is housed, which is 12-sided, and revolves as required as a whole to every point of the compass.

A GLASS DISCOVERY

In the famous Pilkington Glass Works at St Helens, Lancashire, a wonderful discovery has been made recently.

They have found a means of welding glass to metal. This has been a glass dream for years. By combining the use of specially toughened glass and aluminium, and having overcome the technical difficulties of spraying, the process is now made practical.

THE QUINS ARE SEVEN

Not much has been heard lately of the Dionne Quins of Canada, but it is worth recording that their birthday has just been passed, and all five are in their seventh year. They have thus, one and all, beaten all records of survival, for no such family of children has ever lived unscathed or undiminished in number so long.

By all life averages each has now an even chance of living to the age of seventy.

Portable Homes

RESOURCES for evacuees are not exhausted; people with means and the inclination may imitate their ancestors of our pastoral days of long ago.

When sheep and cattle were our chief wealth, hosts of men and their families attended their flocks and herds to the uplands for the summer grazing, and made for themselves summer-houses that were virtually travelling tents.

Two forked poles supported a ridge-tree for the roof, and wattle,

with more weatherproof material, composed the sides and ends. These structures could be run up and taken to pieces in very little time, and so moved from place to place as occasion demanded.

Such summer-houses are gone, but the memory of them lives on in such place-names as Somerscales, Summerlodge, Somergaine, Somergauge, Somersall, Summerley, and Somerby, each of them; with many more, formerly the seat of voluntary evacuees of the long ago.

A BOOK FOR BOYS

There are many great detectives of fiction, but none has a surer place in the hearts of boys than Sexton Blake. A volume telling of the most exciting cases of the great detective is now on sale. It is Sexton Blake's Annual, price 3s 6d, and it includes an account of Blake's first criminal investigations, as well as special features explaining the methods by which he made his name.

BOW TO THE BOMB

If out of doors and one hears the whistle of a bomb, what should one do? The answer is simple. Useless to run for shelter, for the danger is imminent.

The thing to do, the only thing, is to bow to the bomb. As soon as the whistle is heard the hearer should fall to the ground on the knees and elbows—not flat to the ground.

READY, AYE READY

Callington Boy Scouts are offering their services to Cornish householders as odd-jobbers. They want sticks to chop, windows to clean, and so forth. And jobs are pouring in. A lady wants her brass cleaned, another has firewood to be collected from a merchant's store a mile away, and someone has a rubbish heap to be removed. The lads are "going to it," and any wages they receive will go towards purchasing a Spitfire.

SIXPENCE GOES A LONG WAY

Silver is now being pressed into the service of light and strong alloys for aeroplanes, where it is combined with aluminium and magnesium for strength. But it goes farther as a substitute for tin, now that it has been found practicable and economical to coat sheet steel with a silver skin only a millionth of an inch thick.

What is perhaps the most unexpected new use for silver is that of disinfecting water supplies. As much silver as there is in a sixpence will, when scientifically applied, disinfect a small reservoir. For ten shillings a million gallons can be purified.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Hitler Has Changed All This

It is a pity that the Nazis, who have collected so much garbage from history's rubbish heaps, have not picked up a little of the chivalry of the past. Even in wars there has always been a sort of decency till Adolf Hitler came.

Captain Cook was given the freedom of the seas by the French when we were fighting them for our lives. La Pérouse was allowed by us to go where he would on the seas in the same wars. Sir Humphry Davy, who won a Napoleon prize while we were fighting him, was actually allowed to go to Paris to fetch it. Napoleon actually set prisoners free at the request of Dr Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. "Whatever that man asks must be done," he said.

Things have changed. Today Hitler's men shoot down British sailors who try to rescue drowning Germans.

SHELTER NEWS

Two interesting items of Shelter News seem worth recording.

One is the fact that a member of Parliament (Miss Lloyd George) pleaded for making the tubes usable as deep shelters two years ago, and was told by the Government that it was impracticable.

The other is the suggestion of Mr Graham White, MP, who has suggested that there might be discussion centres in big shelters. Mr White recalled that Christianity was preserved in the catacombs, and it no doubt seems to him (as it seems to us) fitting that the future of our country should be considered in the shelters.

Peter Puck on the Situation

It is difficult not to agree with Peter Puck, who asks what poor Mussolini will do with only half his fleet of battle-ships; and who adds that he rather likes the British Navy's way of cutting enemy fleets in two—first the German, then the French, and now the Italian Battle Fleet, leaving them three halves to face the British Fleet which is rapidly doubling itself.

Under the Editor's Table

PEOPLE should not be allowed to collect money in air-raid shelters. Only shelterers should be collected.

FIRST-CLASS carriages on trains should be abolished, says a writer. Why not make them all first-class?

KEEP London fogs out of your greenhouse, says a gardener. We can't see what to do.

EVERYBODY should have a short break for lunch. Doesn't sound nourishing.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If early risers come down first

THE British Navy is more than a match for the Axis. Yet its work is not light.

THE people get the Government they deserve. But only a good one serves them right.

CARS need more care in wartime. They will improve in the long run.

A LADY MAYOR is the only woman admiral. And she isn't all at sea.

PEOPLE are tired of talking of bombs. Yet don't want the subject to be dropped.

THE OUTPUT

THOUGH we are drawn into this bitter war against our will, and must fight to the end for the very breath of life, who can read without a pang the simple words we came upon the other day in the report of a new factory in Quebec?

The factory will have a normal output of well over a hundred thousand bombs.

It is pitiful, surely, that civilisation has come to this, and it is upon us all to make certain that we drive this evil for ever from the earth.

The Resting Place

It has been pointed out that only two of this century's ten Prime Ministers have been laid to rest in the Abbey, where Mr Neville Chamberlain's ashes have been laid.

May it be that they agreed with Edmund Burke, who said that when his work was done, and the toll of the day was hushed, he would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets?

Neville Chamberlain

So he has passed our little life,
And crossed the Great Divide
Into that larger, lovelier life
Upon the Other Side.

I never hugged his politics,
I always deemed them strange;
But when it was my privilege
To get him at close range

I quickly found that master-mind,
That earnest to defend;
In truth, he was a gentleman,
A brother, and a friend.

Egbert Sandford

THE MIRACLE

THE miraculous escapes in these days of catastrophe are beyond all counting. One more we hear of in Surrey, where a road has fifty houses and the German assassins dropped their bomb on the only two empty houses in the road.

Charwoman's Prayer

LORD, bless all folk with tired feet.

THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR

By the Pilgrim

THE soldiers were billeted in the house next door, and Old Mother Megson used to tell them that they would be welcome any time.

Apart from making apple-pies for them, washing and darning their socks, and smiling at them from her front room window, she made her kitchen a second home for them, and Mother Megson's kitchen was the brightest, cosiest, and homeliest spot in the village.

They had been shy at first. Perhaps it was hardly soldier-like to sit drinking tea with an old lady in a rustling frock and a lace cap; but the shyness and the novelty wore off, and they drifted into the kitchen more and more. Autumn evenings found them sitting on boxes listening as she talked of her girlhood, and marvelling now and then at the sweetness of her serenely happy face. Often a dozen or more sat round her fire, and before they returned to their billet they would meekly listen to her quavering voice as she read a verse or two from the Bible. Then she would dismiss them with a smile, and "Good night, boys; be good."

One windy day last month Old Mother Megson was taken ill. The month was almost done, and the evening sky was wild and aglow with crimson light when the Corporal whispered to his men that she was asking for them. More awkwardly than ever they filed into the front room where she lay on her bed, half asleep; in heavy boots they moved without a sound lest they should disturb this little friendly woman whose life was ebbing away. Soon she opened her eyes and looked round with a smile, her face lit up with a light that never was on sea or land.

"Your boys are here, M'm," murmured the Corporal.

She nodded, smiled, and whispered, "Good night, boys; be good," and so took her leave of this world.

STORY

WE are constrained to pass on this story of a small boy who was in the school playground when an incendiary bomb fell the other day not a thousand miles from somewhere between London and the sea—if the censor will let us say as much.

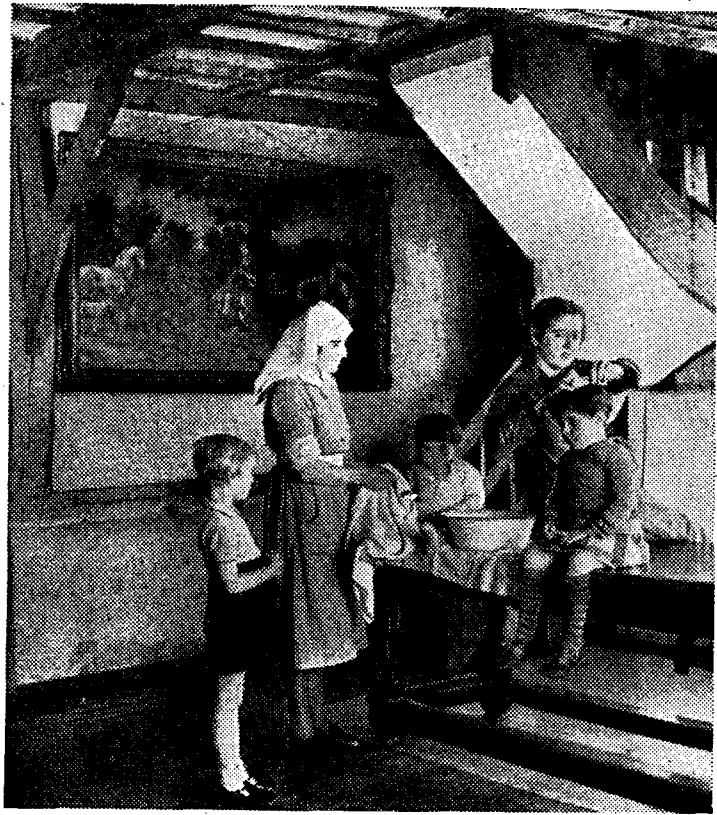
An old lady friend of the C.N. asked him if he was afraid, and the little man of nine said: "No, but the boy next to me began to cry. I said, What's the matter? Are you afraid? and he said No, but I am thinking of my Mum. I told him we are all thinking of our Mums, but they'll be all right."

We pass it on to the Barbarians who think they can destroy the English spirit.

He approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent even when he is in the right. Cato

JUST AN IDEA

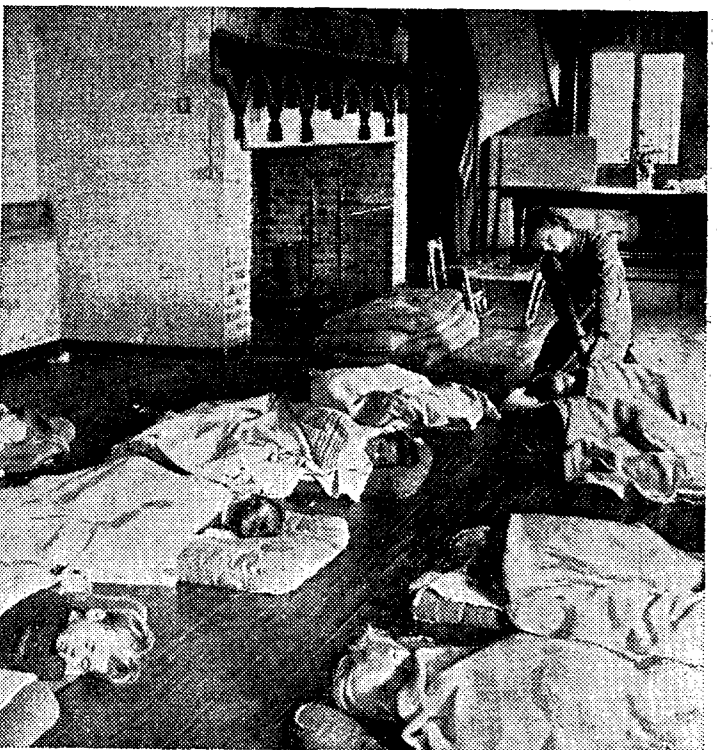
For every ugly piece of war news there are thousands of pieces of good news, if only they got into print, all capable of making us feel that life is still a good and lovely thing.



MORNING



NOON



NIGHT

Happy young evacuees at Long Barn, Kent, the beautiful medieval home of Mr Harold Nicolson and his wife, Victoria Sackville West, the novelist. The house is said to be the birthplace of Caxton, the first English printer

A Little Companion Through the War

Daily Telegraph Miscellany. A new Anthology compiled by J. B. Firth. 3s 6d, Hutchinson.

In this tumultuous age it was a good idea that came to Lord Lamrose to give us a cheap and handy anthology from the greatest source of consolation, inspiration, and serenity that exists anywhere in the world, for English literature; and he was wise in asking his old friend Mr J. B. Firth to do it.

Through all the years in which the Daily Telegraph has been making itself the wonder and delight of Fleet Street Mr Firth has been a tower of strength to it, and his elegant pen and his mastery of a vast range of subjects have won for him a wide public of readers. Here he shows us the stuff his heart is made of as well as his mind, for there is nothing like an anthology revealing the character of a man who makes it.

A Casket of Jewels

One of the handiest and dearest, this is one of the very best anthologies. It has hundreds of lovely things from over a hundred writers—how many we regret not to know, for the only disappointment in this volume is that it has no index, and it is much too precious to be thought of. So we do not know how many jewels there are in Mr Firth's casket, for he would not let a dull fellow who could not find them. We started to hunt, but always something would be breaking in. Who could pass without pause Stanley's late lark twittering in the quiet skies; or Break, break, break, On thy cold grey stones, break, sea; or (let us not be ashamed of saying it) Jerusalem my Happy home; or Heracles; or Rose Elmer; or that call to every one of us by Kipling like a trumpet from his grave—For all We Have and Are?

Mr Firth thinks, and we must agree with him, that the test of an anthology is whether we can pick it up with delight ten or twenty times, and he may be assured that his will be picked up a hundred times and then

again. He has gleaned, he tells us, in pleasant corners and by-paths of the common field, and he touches the human heart with the pathos of simplicity and stirs the mind with majesty and power. Kipling and Hardy, Binyon and Blake, Chesterton and Churchill, Abraham Lincoln and John Milton: who could be miserable with these in his pocket? Who is poor with them? Who is rich who will not buy them for seven pence?

Though we miss an index, we hail the grouping of these treasures into a dozen groups; Mr Firth is so universal, and his mind has such a capacity of detachment, that he can even think of those people who have hours of ease in a world like this.

But what we like best is the element of consolation, the enrichment of the mind, the contribution to a life of trust and faith, that runs through his pages. It is a satisfying possession for such days as these. We come on one page upon Emily Brontë wondering, as she stands in a country churchyard, how anyone could imagine unquiet slumbers in that quiet earth; but little could she imagine that a world would come which would be poignant enough, catastrophic enough, unbelievable enough, to awaken all the sleepers in the graves of Europe.

A Friend Till Victory

At such an hour of fate this little volume comes to us for a few small pieces of silver from the heart of the realms of gold. It is prose and poetry too, but the pages that leap to the mind and lift up our hearts are poems, for poetry is the gay and solemn music of the world, saying what prose can never say, inventing words with the glow of a light that never was on sea or land, touching sublimity.

If the war should last for years this book will be your companion all the way, in your pocket and near your heart; and it will keep your vision bright and your faith undimmed till Victory comes for all the noble things it represents. A.M.

The Invincible Gardener

ALL November brings the blast, says the old rhyme, but it is the blast of an intruding bomb on other night that upset the old gardener's scheme. He was halfway through his autumn digging and sowing, and before going home had one border neat and trim with plants that he hoped to see flowering in the spring.

During the night Hitler's blast did his work. Learning with thankfulness in the morning that employers had not suffered much as a bruise, he went out to

survey the garden. The border he had planted was missing, and a search revealed it in the drawing-room of the house next door!

As is his custom when driven to outdoor thinking, the old fellow removed his bowler hat and slowly stroked his head with the back of his thumb. "If we was to leave 'em there they'd do all right," he murmured. "I know them plants, for I raised 'em; them plants would grow anywhere, and that's a fact; and they'd look better there nor any furniture—that they would!"

News of Pitcairn

There has been an eventful year for Pitcairn Island, the Pacific midway between Panama and New Zealand.

Firstly, the islanders have been having a hard time, for although war is a third of a world away it has destroyed their foreign trade, and they are now more isolated ever.

Secondly, the colony was plunged into mourning not long ago when Magistrate Edgar Christian,

a direct descendant of the mutineer leader in the Bounty, passed on.

The third item of news is more cheerful, especially to stamp collectors, for, instead of using New Zealand stamps, the island has now its own. It is a set of eight, one showing a cluster of oranges, the island's chief export; another Fletcher Christian in the stern of the Bounty; another John Adams and his house; another a map of the island in relation to other Pacific isles.

WHEN WINDS AND SEAS DO RAGE

WHEN winds and seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath assuage
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soul to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calm did follow.

What need I then despair,
Though ills stand round about me,
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark or bite without Thee?

Robert Herrick

The Flying Man Shall Amaze the World

THE human bird shall take his first flight, filling the world with amazement, all writings with his fame, and bringing eternal glory to the nest whence he sprang.

Leonardo da Vinci in the 15th century

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

DOWN through our crowded lanes and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were!

When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,
A form was with thee like the Son of God.

Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk unto the golden street;

And they who watched that walk so bright and brief
Have marked this marble with their hope and grief.

Epitaph by Archbishop Alexander

This is the Great Duty of All

THE great duty of God's children is to love one another. This duty on earth takes the name and form of the law of humanity. We are to recognise all men as brethren, no matter where born, or under what sky or institution or religion they may live. Every man belongs to the race and owes a duty to mankind. Every nation belongs to the family of nations, and is to desire the good of all. Nations are to love one another. Men cannot vote this out of the universal acclamation. Men cannot, by combining themselves into narrower or larger societies, sever the sacred, blessed bond which joins them to their kind. The law of humanity must reign over the assertion of all human rights. William Ellery Channing

HOW COMELY IT IS

O, how comely it is, and how reviving

To the spirits of just men long oppressed,

When God into the hands of their deliverer

Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth,

the oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men. Milton

Martin Luther's War Song

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper 'He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with equal hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.



CARRY ON

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ISAAC ASHFORD

A NOBLE peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.

Noble he was contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene.

Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed.

Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written on his face.

Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved.

To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none.

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed.

Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.

If pride were his twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride.

Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few.

But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;

A pride in honest fame by virtue gained;

In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;

Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;

Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, nor sectary's whim;

Christian and countryman, was all with him.

True to his church he came; no Sunday shower

Kept him at home in that important hour:

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain

Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,

Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,

And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,

His strength departed and his labour done.

When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,

But lost his wife and saw his children poor.

Daily he placed the workhouse in his view,

But came not there, for sudden was his fate,

He dropped expiring at his cottage gate.

George Crabbe's picture of a peasant

Solomon's Prayer

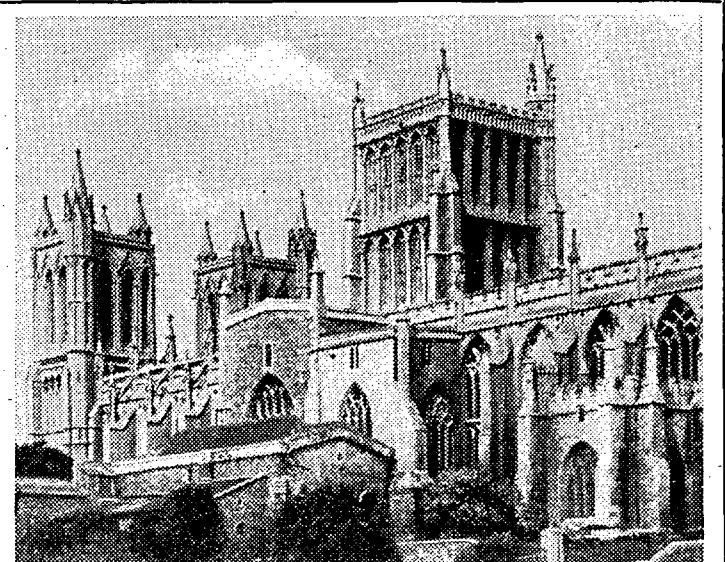
THOU hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father, and I am but a

little child, I know not how to go out or come in.

And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad, for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?



Bristol Cathedral was founded as an abbey church in 1142, the beautiful lady chapel being added in the 13th and the choir in the 14th century. The nave, designed by George Edmund Street, is modern

SPAIN STEPS IN A New Chapter For Tangier

TANGIER, the African seaport nearest to Europe, is in the news once more. It has been Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Moorish, Portuguese, Spanish, Portuguese again, British, Moorish, and International, and Spain has now taken possession.

France, for 30 years the dominant influence in the international Tangier Zone of Morocco, has been deprived of her rights there by a Spanish colonel. Spanish soldiers now control a region which for many years has been administered by international police under a French Administrator and his British, Italian, and Spanish assistants, a representative of the Sultan of Morocco (known as the Mendoub) being in charge of purely native affairs.

Tangier's Trade

So the only region in Africa which before the war was permanently neutralised by agreement among the Powers has been dragged once again into the maelstrom of conflicting forces, and the great harbour familiar to thousands of travellers may give and take bombs in place of the gorgeous Moroccan leather pouffes (or tuftets) which adorn many a home in the old world and the new.

Pouffes were not the only export of the seaport which serves this zone, as big as Middlesex; unmanufactured skins, eggs, and tinned fish were its chief exports, while British farmers benefited by nearly 100,000 tons of phosphate rock every year. Here Britain maintained the head office of the only foreign postal service in Morocco, while France maintained a wireless station.

In Tangier the Europeans in proportion to the native Berbers and Arabs are more than in the rest of Morocco, 16,000 out of a population of 60,000.

Before the Spanish colonel issued his proclamation all the inhabitants were represented in an Assembly of 27 members, whose decisions were subject to a Committee of Control composed of the Consuls of all the Powers, except Germany, which signed the Treaty of Algeciras.

The name of this town in Spain recalls one of the most dramatic events which preceded (and probably hastened) the last war. Jealous of the progress France was making in the colonisation of Africa, and of her growing friendship with our country, the Kaiser and Chancellor Bülow took advantage of the Sultan of Morocco's objections to French reforms, and the Kaiser landed at Tangier on March 31, 1905, and declared to the Sultan that he would "stand behind him with all his forces." After sacrificing her strong Foreign Minister, Delcassé, France agreed to an international Conference at Algeciras, where Spain, Italy, Britain, and Russia supported the French scheme for an international police force at Tangier, Germany being consoled by the grant of equal rights to all foreigners and by the establishment of an international State Bank.

The British support for France rankled, however, and preparations were made for the creation of a German navy strong enough to conquer ours, a rivalry which gradually led to the Great War. Meanwhile France and Spain proceeded to consolidate the international character of Tangier, the last Convention being signed in 1928.

Formerly British

We have ourselves a sentimental link with Tangier, as well as a practical wish that a port so close to the Mediterranean seagate should not belong to an enemy, because for 20 years it was part of the British Empire, having formed the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles the Second and daughter of John the Fourth of Portugal. The saintly Bishop Ken was its chaplain, and when it was decided to abandon Tangier on the ground of expense Pepys the diarist was one of the Commissioners for the destruction of the forts of this important town, which would have proved a valuable stronghold and trading station in the Empire. It is one more notch in our tally stick against the Stuarts.

A Grave Injustice to the Cause of Freedom

It is difficult to exaggerate the grievous injustice involved against this country by the withholding from the Navy the use of the two Irish ports Berehaven and Queenstown.

They were given back to Ireland in the hope that they would help to create a better feeling between the two countries, but that hope has not been realised, and now these ports are withheld from the Navy's use, greatly imperilling our shipping and actually giving an advantage to the enemies of Ireland and Britain and Freedom.

We withhold our own opinion on this subject because the rights and wrongs of the case have been so admirably put in a letter to The Times from an Irishman on the way to his hundredth birthday. He is Dr Reginald Macan, and he declares:

THAT it is a double wrong to Ireland, first, as it cripples the British Fleet, which is the main guarantee of Irish liberties; and, secondly, as it postpones to the Greek Kalends the union of Ireland, North and South.

That it is a wrong to each and every other Dominion in the Commonwealth, wherein are innumerable Irishmen fighting under the Union Jack for the life and liberty of all free peoples.

That it is a wrong to the far-flung Empire, in whose services Irishmen enjoy their fair share, and perhaps something more, of honour and emolument.

That it is a wrong to every allied and sister nation, from Poland to France, now bruised and panting for life under German extortion and tyranny.

That it is a wrong to Great Britain, home, workshop, and happy hunting-ground for crowds of Irish men, women, and children, free to come and go, and numerous, perhaps, as all the anti-British secessionists in this new-fangled, antiquated, Erse-ridden Eire.

That it displays a vindictive recollection of immemorial quarrels in bygone ages, where all the crimes were not on one side.

That it is a stupidity which endangers Ireland's economic relations with her best customer, and a political blunder, as missing a golden opportunity to prove that Eire can rise to the present ecumenical call for courage, magnanimity, and hope out of her poor little cabin of isolationism.

THE 1940 BOY

Office boys are developing a new technique in writing applications for jobs.

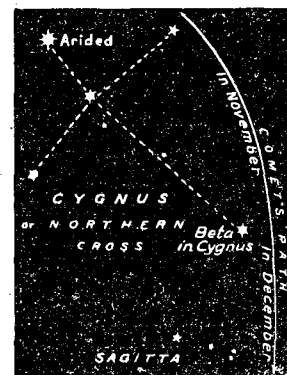
We hear of a business man who advertised for an office boy and received this reply:

I know how to put out incendiary bombs, and never get flustered during an air-raid warning.

A NEW COMET COMING When the Earth Passed Through a Visitor's Tail

VENUS and Mars now appear close together in the morning sky, writes the C N Astronomer, and may be seen in the south-east until about half an hour before sunrise. Mars is much the fainter and is to be found about three times the Moon's apparent width below Venus. Their nearest approach will be on the morning of December 2, when Venus will begin to travel away to the left of and below Mars.

A new comet is at last approaching our world, one that may prove



The path of the new Great Comet

to be a Great Comet such as we have read about but few people have seen for over a generation. This comet is named after its discoverer, Mr Cunningham, of Oak Ridge in the U.S.A.

It may be just perceptible to the naked eye this week, and it should be easily seen through glasses. It is expected to increase rapidly in brightness as December progresses. The comet's path has been southward through the Northern Cross, which is part of the constellation of Cygnus and is now high in the western sky between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening. This region will be easily recognised from the star-map, which shows the anticipated path of the comet for the next month; at present it should appear not far from the bright star Beta in Cygnus. The comet may increase greatly in brilliance as it approaches the Sun, and we hope it may rival some of the Great Comets of the last century, for, apart from Halley's periodical comet which returned in 1910, nothing so fine and spectacular has been witnessed in Britain for nearly 60 years.

During the previous 50 years no less than five most impressive

Great Comets visited the Solar System and our night skies from distant space; indeed, the Great Comet of 1882 was so bright that it could be seen in the daytime and when near the Sun. The writer remembers this comet with its colossal forked Tail, which actually extended for sixty million miles in a vast curve. This comet could also be said to have possessed four Heads at one time, as four distinct nuclei were present. One of these broke away eventually and travelled along beside the main body as a separate satellite comet, with Tail all complete, far away into outer space, from which it is not expected to return for between 800 and 1000 years.

In 1874 Coggia's Great Comet appeared, presenting many mysteries and a fine spectacle, with a Tail that at one time appeared as long as 90 full-moons strung together. It is not expected to return for over 5700 years.

The year 1861 presented the greatest comet sensation known, when the Earth passed through its enormous Tail and about two-thirds of the way from its brilliant Head. Then the Tail spread like an immense luminous fan over the northern heavens from Cassiopeia to the Plough. Actually the Tail was some 24 million miles in length, so the Head must have been some 16 million miles away—fortunately, because this is the "business" and only dangerous part of a comet.

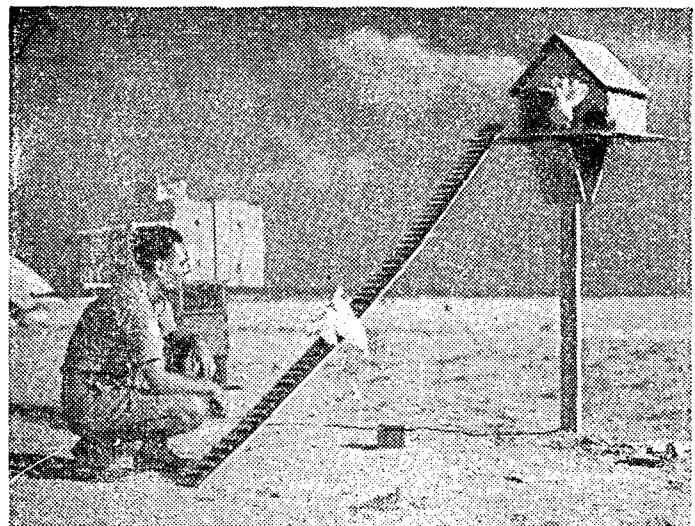
Wide as the Earth's Orbit

Donati's Comet, one of the most beautiful known, appeared in 1858; its feathery Tails were a striking feature, and it remained visible for nearly four months in England. Its main Tail reached a length of 45 million miles and is not likely to be seen again for 2000 years.

The Great Comet of 1843 was chiefly remarkable for the tremendous length of its Tail, which extended for 200 million miles, farther than to the Sun and back, or right across the Earth's orbit. Previous to this the most noteworthy Great Comet of last century was that of 1811, which was a giant indeed. Its Tail was upwards of 100 million miles long and its breadth reached 15 million miles; yet the nucleus within its Head was calculated by Sir William Herschel to have a diameter of only 428 miles. Nearly 3000 years will elapse before this comet returns.

G. F. M.

Doves in the Desert



To fill in his leisure hours this R.A.F. man in the Western Desert of Egypt keeps doves as a hobby, and he has trained his pets to walk up a ladder to their loft

John Hampden's County

EVERYTHING TO SEE IN IT

The King's England series of books, edited by Arthur Mee, brings to readers the most complete picture of a country ever presented to its people. Buckinghamshire is a unique picture of the county from end to end, a remarkable survey covering every place that has anything to describe. Arthur Mee certainly has the talent of putting much in little. Several histories of the county have been compiled, but no better book has been written than Arthur Mee's. Every town and village and hamlet is faithfully described, and their history finely told. It is the most complete exploration of the county that has come under our notice.

Bucks Herald

Buckinghamshire may well be proud of her county as seen through Arthur Mee's eyes and the lenses of his camera men. This is a notable, gracious book.

Bucks Examiner

SING AS YOU GO

The South African troops in Kenya have beaten all records by a forced march across the most difficult Kenya country. About 150 troops took part, and all but two completed the march, which covered a little over 30 miles, in just over eleven hours. The men, starting at four a.m., rested for ten minutes of every hour until breakfast, and for three hours during the midday heat. They carried full kit, and sang as they marched.

Good News

It is a comfort to us all to know that a million old-age pensioners have had their lot improved by extra pensions and winter allowances.

Many pensioners had been driven to obtain relief from the Poor Law, the very thing which the originators of the system had wished to avoid. In March 1939 no fewer than 275,000 old-age pensioners received poor relief at a cost of over £5,000,000.

Now more pensions are being paid in a million cases at a cost of £24,000,000.

THE sun blazed down with pitiless force on the one street of Cloud City, a little town near the Mexican border, and dust rose in little puffs with every step Peter Prest's weary pony took. The sheriff's office, for which Peter was bound, was a small square building of sun-dried clay.

Peter slipped out of his saddle, tied his pony to the hitching-post, and looked round. There was not a living thing in sight and the place was uncannily silent. Peter's heart sank as it came to him that the sheriff might be away.

He knocked, but there was no answer. He knocked again, and this time heard a movement. The door opened, but it wasn't the sheriff. This was a youngster who looked little more than Peter's age, and that was only 17. He was tall, and had bright blue eyes and fair hair. He was well dressed in breeches, boots, and a silk shirt. Peter wondered who on earth he was.

"Sheriff Steele in?" Peter asked. The other shook his head. "He left last night. Went after rustlers up in the Cactus country."

The Deputy

PETER's face showed his bitter disappointment.

"Looks like you're needing him badly," said the blue-eyed youth. "I am," Peter answered curtly. "All my cattle were run off yesterday."

"Too bad," said the other. "Come in and rest yourself."

"Can't wait," Peter replied gruffly. "Got to go back and look after my kid brother."

"Guess I better come along," said the stranger. "Old Cast Iron left me in charge."

Peter stared. "That's kind of you, but—"

The other laughed.

"You reckon I ain't much of a deputy. Maybe I'm better than none. Sit here and have a cup of coffee while I saddle my pinto." He poured strong coffee from a pot on the stove and set out bread and

bacon, and Peter, who was hungry, was grateful for the meal. Within a few minutes the other was back.

"That animal of yours is plumb wore out," he said. "I've put him in the pasture and saddled another for you. If you're ready we'll go right along." He paused. "Say, I don't know your name."

"Prest—Peter Prest."

"I'm Eddy Boyne. Been East for a spell. Just got back."

Eddy's mount was a beauty, and his second horse almost as good. It was a joy to Peter to ride so fine a beast and they made fast time along the rough trail.

"You left the kid alone?" Eddy asked.

"Had to. We have no neighbours. But I put him in a cave and told him to wait there till I got back."

Eddy nodded. "You're British?" he asked.

"My people were English. Dad had a ranch in Montana. The cold killed my mother, and Dad and my brother and I came down here. We started a little spread in the Mirror Hills. Dad was killed by his horse falling on him, and Partner and I have been carrying on. We had about 200 head, and I was reckoning to ship half of them next month."

"No idea who rustled them?" Eddy asked.

"Not a notion. But someone left a letter a week ago ordering us to quit and clear out. I thought it was a joke, but seemingly they meant it."

"Left a letter. Did you keep it?" asked Eddy thoughtfully.

"Yes, but it's just a sheet of rough paper with words printed in pencil."

They came down off the hills into a wide canyon through which ran a watercourse, now dry. They

rode down it for a mile and Peter pointed to a smaller canyon opening to the west.

"That's where our place is. Crystal Spring we call it. There's always water and plenty of grass for a small herd."

Eddy's eyes were busy.

"A blind canyon?" he asked.

Peter nodded. "That's it. There's no other entrance. When we pitched here we didn't think anyone would want to interfere with us. There's no ranch house within 20 miles."

The two rode together into the canyon, down the bottom of which ran a stream of clear water.

The Mysterious Stranger

A MILE up they came to a small log house. Around it was a garden well fenced in. The bottom of the canyon was about 200 yards wide, and flat. On each side broken cliffs towered to a great height. It was an ideal spot to raise cattle, but there was not a beast in sight. Peter dismounted. "If you'll go in and wait I'll fetch Partner," he said.

"I'll come along," said Eddy.

"Is that his name—Partner?"

"His real name is Terence, but I've always called him Partner."

Eddy followed Peter along a steep trail leading up the face of the north cliff. They came to the mouth of a cave.

"Partner!" Peter called, but there was no answer. Peter ran into the cave.

"He's gone!" he gasped. "Those brutes have got him."

He turned and began to plunge down the steep path at reckless speed, but Eddy grabbed him. "Go slow! You'll break your neck. And what's your hurry? There's the kid."

A shrill whistle came from above, and there stood a very small boy wearing shorts and a cotton shirt, high on the rocks overhead. Peter was quite white.

"Are you all right, Partner?" he cried.

"I'm all right," replied the youngster as he began to scramble down. Small as he was, he climbed like a cat, and in a minute was on the ledge with the others.

"I told you to stay in the cave," Peter began sternly, but the little lad cut him short.

"I know, and I did until I saw that man coming up to the house."

"What man?"

"I don't know who he was, but he looked pretty tough. He was riding a buckskin horse. He went to the house, shouted, then tried to get in. When he found it was all locked he chuckled it and rode right on up the canyon." Partner paused. "And—he—never—came—back," he added slowly.

"Never came back," Peter echoed.

"No; and that's why I climbed up. I wanted to see where he went."

"And did you?"

"No. I saw him right up at the head of the canyon, and then he just disappeared."

Eddy turned to Peter. "You said it was a blind canyon."

"Big cliffs," said Peter. "A man couldn't climb them, let alone a horse."

"Then he must be there still," said Eddy.

"We'll go after him," said Peter eagerly.

"That's just what he's waiting for," returned Eddy. "Lying out behind a rock with his gun."

Peter frowned. "We can't leave him there."

"I guess we'll get him," said Eddy lightly. "Got any grub in the house? I'm right hungry."

They walked back to the house and the brothers cooked supper while Eddy fed his horses. Partner watched him through the window.

"He's a nice chap, Peter," he said. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," Peter answered, "except that his name is Eddy Boyne. Sheriff's away, and Eddy was in the office. He said he'd come with me. But I don't see what he can do to help us." He stopped, for just then Eddy came in.

"Grub smells mighty good," he said, as he began to lay the table.

Peter was silent during supper. He was terribly worried about his cattle. Eddy laughed and joked with Partner. After they had washed up Peter said he would fix up a bed for Eddy, but Eddy shook his head. "I guess we're sleeping in the cave," he said.

"It's not safe here."

He insisted, so they took some bedding and, as soon as it was dark, went up to the cave. Rolled comfortably in blankets they were soon asleep.

Peter was wakened by an appalling roar. He sprang up and ran to the mouth of the cave. The moon had set, but the night was clear, and down below Peter saw a mass of fiery sparks spread over a wide space of ground. His house was gone—dynamited—blown to pieces!

Peter turned and found Partner beside him.

"They've blown up the house," he said flatly. "Where's Eddy?"

"I don't know. When I woke he was gone. Oh, Peter, you don't think he went back to the house?"

"I don't know what to think. The whole business is just crazy. Why did they blow up the house? Who blew it up?"

"I don't know, Peter," said the little boy, "but Eddy was right. He saved our lives by making us come up here. Oh, I hope he's safe."

Peter did not answer. He was too troubled. It was bad enough to lose the cattle, but now the house was gone with everything they possessed. He and Partner had nothing left but the clothes they stood up in and some blankets.

And now Eddy had disappeared, and he could not imagine where he had gone or why.

Peter longed to go down and find out if there was anything left; but he could not leave Partner. There was nothing to do but wait for daylight. So the two sat and waited.

A Fight in the Cave

THE wind got up, clouds covered the sky; it grew very dark—so dark that neither of them saw the shadowy figure that dropped down from the ledge above the cave. Then suddenly a flash lamp blazed in their faces and a deep, harsh voice said, "Here they be, Gila."

For the moment Peter was blinded by the glare. When he could see again two men were standing over them. The first was white, with a square face and eyes like pale blue stones; the second was a dark-skinned Mexican who had straight black hair and a sallow, evil face, to which a broken nose gave a most sinister expression. Both were armed with heavy revolvers. Peter pulled himself together.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he demanded.

"It's us asks the questions," retorted the first man. "Didn't you git orders to leave this place?"

"I don't take other people's orders to leave my own place," Peter answered curtly.

"So now you ain't got no place, nor house, nor cattle," sneered the other. "And you're leaving to-night and going a long way. Gila, take the kid. I'll see to this one."

The crook-nosed Mexican snatched up Partner. Partner fought like a terrier, but the Mexican shook him till his teeth rattled.

"Keep still," he snarled, "or I keel you."

Peter boiled over. Regardless of the square man's gun he hit out.

Resistance was the last thing the other had expected. Peter's fist reached his jaw. He stumbled backward and crashed to the rock floor. His torch fell from his hand but did not go out. The Mexican dropped Partner and sprang forward.

"Eet ees all right, Voss. I 'ave 'eem," he cried. He had his pistol in his right hand and aimed a blow at Peter's head with the barrel.

If the blow had got home it might have killed him, but it never reached its mark. There was a flash, a sharp crack, and the pistol flew from Gila's hand. Gila screamed with pain and shock.

"Put your hands up," came a clear, sharp voice. "If either of you try anything you won't have time to be sorry."

"It's Eddy!" shrieked Partner. Eddy it was, but somehow a different Eddy. He seemed to have grown years older, and the blaze in his eyes was almost terrifying.

"Peter, take Voss's pistol," he ordered, "and hold it on him while I fix him up. And watch him: he's treacherous as a snake."

Three Partners

PETER snatched up the pistol, and Eddy, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket, snapped them on Voss's thick wrists. Eddy produced more handcuffs for the Mexican, and finished the job by tying their ankles with strong cord.

Partner watched with wide eyes. "Where did you get those?" he asked. "I thought only policemen had handcuffs."

Eddy turned the lapel of his jacket and showed a small gold badge. Partner did not know what it was, but Voss's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"A United States Marshal!" he gasped.

"Yes," said Eddy crisply. "And sent down specially to find you, Voss. Thanks to our two young friends here I've done it. And before the week's out I'll round up the rest of your gang."

He turned and beckoned the brothers to follow him. They three went to the inner end of the cave and sat down.

"It'll be daylight soon," Eddy said. "Then you two will come with me to Cloud City. I'll fix you up until you rebuild your house."

"How can we build?" Peter asked bitterly. "We haven't a dollar between us."

"You'll have plenty before you are a month older. There's a reward of 5000 dollars for Voss alone. You and Partner get half."

Peter was so amazed he could find no words. It was Partner who piped up.

"I don't understand. What's Voss been doing?"

"Smuggling Chinks over the border from Mexico. He and his gang get as much as 500 dollars apiece for bringing them in. You see, Partner, this isn't a blind canyon. I suspected as much when you told me of that man who rode up and disappeared. There's a tunnel. I rode there as soon as you chaps were asleep and found it. It comes out close to the river, the Rio Grande. All Voss had to do was ferry these Chinese over the river by night and bring 'em up through the tunnel. None of the Border Patrol could see them till they were miles inside the United States. Do you understand?"

"I see," said Partner thoughtfully. "So of course Voss didn't want anyone to live here."

"He did not!" Eddy turned to Peter.

"Say, Peter, I like this place. It'll do fine for me to spend my holidays. How'd it be if I put in my share of the reward? Would you take me as a sleeping partner?"

Peter's eyes glowed.

"Nothing I'd like better," he declared.

Partner sprang up. "Then there'll be three partners," he cried with delight.

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

THE LITTLE HELPERS



4. Bobbie collects waste paper

One and One

Two little girls are better than one;
Two little boys can double the fun;
Two little birds can build a fine nest;
Two little arms can love mother best;
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man;
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,

Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long,
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down,
Two little angels guard his bed,
One at the foot and one at the head.

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK

A WISE man built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

A foolish man built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

THE BRAN TUB

EASY

MURMURED a dear old lady to a member of a Bomb Disposal Squad, "How wonderful you are to tinker about with unexploded bombs at the risk of your life, and how brave!"

The hero shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, it's nothing, mum," said he. "As a matter of fact, I hadn't much to do with the last bomb we handled. It was my pal who took the detonator out; I just sat on the bomb to keep it steady."

Other Worlds Next Week

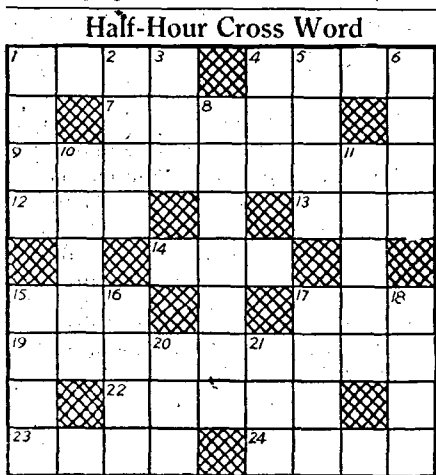
IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east, and Mercury and Mars are low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 p.m. on Monday, December 2.



How Sir Rowland Hill Wrote His Name
SIR ROWLAND HILL was born at Kidderminster on December 3, 1795. A man of great determination, he started his campaign of postal reform single-handed and in face of tremendous opposition. For the

Post Office obstinately refused to allow any interference in its affairs.

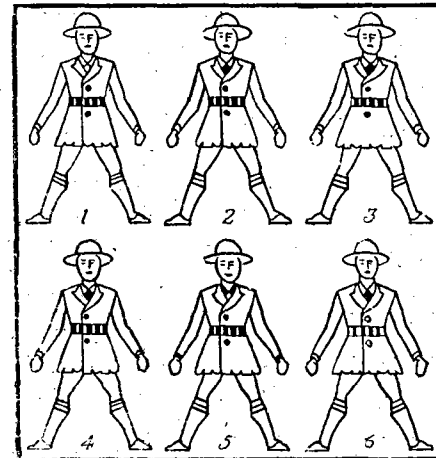
Hill, however, had the confidence of the nation, and the time came when he himself became Postmaster-General. He invented the adhesive postage stamp, and the penny post which he advocated was an immediate success. Fifty times as many letters were being sent when he retired as when he started his campaign.



Half-Hour Cross Word

Reading Across. 1 A rapid course. 4 Swamp-growing plant used for making mats. 7 To assign. 9 To double. 12 Compass point. 13 Concealed. 14 Skill. 15 Alabama. 17 Pronoun, third person. 19 Divided. 22 A distinctive manner of writing. 23 On the side opposite to that on which the wind strikes. 24 To send forth.

Reading Down. 1 To travel on a vehicle. 2 Loose garment hung from the shoulders. 3 In England this is 45 inches. 4 A great bird of Arabian mythology. 5 A Rocky Mountain State of U.S.A. 6 To regard with care. 8 A collection of books. 10 Father's brother. 11 The tenth part of anything. 15 A continent. 16 Semi-circular structure at east end of a church. 17 To dam a stream. 18 Prepare for publication. 20 To have taken food. 21 A beverage.



Can you find the twins? Two of these boys are exactly alike. Answer next week

Arrange twelve matches as shown in the diagram—three squares and one triangle. Can you move six of the matches so that the figure formed consists of one square and four triangles? Answer next week

A JUNGLE GRUMBLE

A LEOPARD with ninety-nine spots complained, "Half a score would be lots. With so many—oh, dear!—I am looking, I fear, Like a writing-pad covered with blots!"

Arithmetical Puzzle

SOME boys, who were going to play in a football match, had arranged to make the journey in a small motor-coach, the driver having agreed to charge them ninepence each.

Just as they were about to start two more members of their club happened to pass, and as there were two spare seats the boys asked the driver if he would take two extra passengers and charge the whole party only eightpence a head.

The driver thought for a moment and then said: "Well, I shall make an extra sixpence by that arrangement, so I will take you."

How many boys went in the coach? Answer next week

A Word Picture

A MAN having bought a piece of land on which to settle was asked what it was like, and this was his terse description of the land and its surroundings:

What is the land? Bogs.
What is the climate? Fogs.
What do you live on? Hogs.
Have you any companions? Dogs.
Any livestock in the pond? Frogs.
What do you burn? Logs.
What do you wear? Clogs.

CHARADE

ALL grades of men must do my first,
Or idle they will be;
Great numbers of my next in town,
If you go there, you'll see;
And it should be the workman's care
To keep my whole in good repair.

Answer next week

A KING SET FREE

THE Caliph Malik had won a victory over the Greeks and taken their emperor prisoner. He called the prisoner into his tent and asked him what sort of treatment he expected from his conqueror.

"If you make war as a king," said the emperor, "send me back to my people; if you make war as a merchant, sell me; if you make war as a butcher, slay me." The Caliph set him free.

WHO CAN SAY?

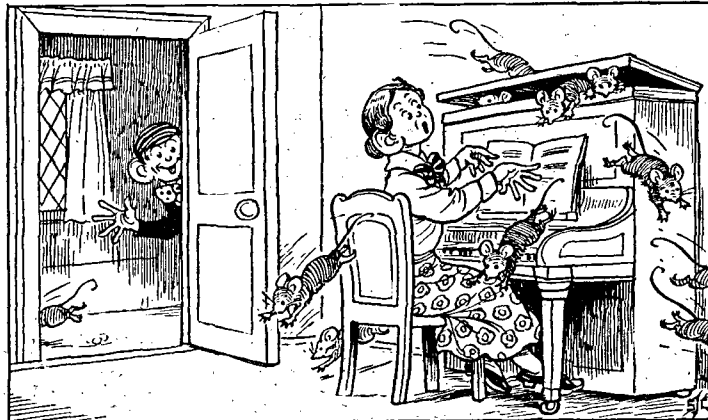
Who can say
Why today
Tomorrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

THE tears ran down that fair child's face,
My whole is in his hand,
His little mind is sore perplexed
That whole to understand.
Oh! were it but my first, he thinks,
He would not cry and fret,
For then he's sure that very soon
My second he could get.

Answer next week

Jacko's Little Joke



WHEN Jacko went to see Big Sister Belinda one morning she was out. So he thought he would wait. He had to wait a long time, and when at last Belinda came back she was evidently in a very jolly mood for she sat down at the piano and played a lively tune. She hadn't noticed that the top of the piano was open, and suddenly, to her horror, out sprang some huge mice! Belinda shrieked and jumped nearly out of her skin.

Do You Live at Sevenoaks?

J. R. GREEN, the historian, thought this name referred to a sacred group of trees which stood here in olden times and formed an ancient boundary mark. The surname Snooks is a corruption of Sevenoaks.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Sand-martin, snail, swallow-tail, spider, sandpiper, sycamore, salmon.
Beheaded Words. Fox, ox, x
Arithmetical Problem. The labourer worked 28 days out of the 40, thus earning £7. He remained idle 12 days and forfeited £1 10s.

Ici on Parle Français

Faithful Unto Death

A basket containing 24 homing pigeons was taken out of a train and set on the platform.

When the door of the basket was opened and the birds flew out, it was noticed that there was one bird left in the basket, dead.

All the other birds flew away except one, who kept circling round and round till it finally settled on a luggage trolley near by.

Although the stationmaster tried to scare the bird away, it refused to move; and presently crept back into the basket and huddled itself against its mate as if to bring life back by the warmth of its own body.

Fidèle Jusqu'à La Mort

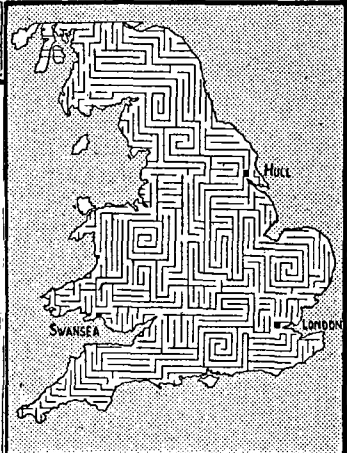
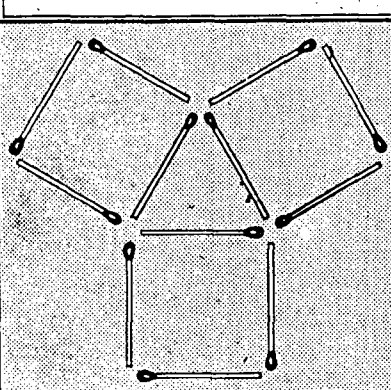
Une bourriche contenant 24 pigeons voyageurs fut déchargée d'un train et déposée sur le quai.

Lorsqu'on eut ouvert la bourriche et que les oiseaux se furent envolés, on remarqua qu'il en restait un dans le panier, mort.

Tous les autres oiseaux s'envolèrent, sauf un, qui se mit à tourner autour du groupe, et finit par se poser sur un chariot à bagages avoisinant.

Malgré les efforts que fit le chef de gare pour chasser l'oiseau, celui-ci refusa de bouger, et bientôt il se faufila dans la bourriche et se blottit contre sa compagne; on eût dit qu'il tâchait de la ramener à la vie par la chaleur de son propre corps.

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



Hold a coin between the two third fingers as shown. Then, keeping the knuckles together, try to drop the coin.

Find your way from London to Hull, from Hull to Swansea, and from Swansea back to London, without crossing a line or going over any part of the route more than once.

DESPAIR OF NOTHING

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. What does Nil Desperandum mean?

Man. It is Latin for *despair of nothing*, and you could ask no more suggestive question at this hour. Surrounded by difficulties, men and nations have proved again and again that the gospel of *never despair* has won recovery out of depression and victory out of disaster. You have seen that happen at cricket, you know!

Boy. Yes, I suppose that is why cricket is such a splendid game; it gives us the chance to recover.

Man. But the chance is not always taken as it might be, because boys and men do not always rise to the occasion. Sometimes you see a fine team begin to lose heart because the early batsmen are got rid of cheaply. When that happens a cool and never-despairing man may pull the side together by sheer determination, so that the tide turns and it is realised that the game is not lost until the last ball is bowled. How often that has happened in school or county cricket! And how often it has *not* happened!

Boy. What seems so curious to me is that the same cricket team may in the same season play very differently against the same side, first losing easily and next winning easily.

Man. In that also cricket is like life. History, ancient and modern, is full of such contradictory performances. The more need for us to keep stout hearts, whatever the circumstances of our life.

Boy. I have heard that there were one or two very bad times in the World War.

Man. Indeed there were! At the beginning Paris nearly fell in a few weeks, and it is a matter of history that a great soldier forgot *nil desperandum*, proposing that his men should retire, rest, and refit. If his counsel had been followed Paris would have fallen. Men of faith intervened; grim determination had its way; the River Marne witnessed what has been called a miracle; the foe was rolled back; Paris was saved. It was no miracle; it was the counsel of courage beating down the counsel of despair.

Boy. Did such situations come then as now, one after the other?

Man. Yes. In 1917 the losses of British shipping became so great that if they had continued Britain and her allies would have been starved into surrender. Many men despaired of the situation in words that are on record. A great admiral said he could see no way out; but at the worst moment, at the beginning of May 1917, a memorandum was presented to the War Cabinet which began with these simple words:

We have it in our power to secure absolutely the national safety in spite of the increasing submarine menace.

A great change occurred. Certain things were done. Confidence replaced despair. The submarines were sufficiently subdued and evaded to give the nation safety and eventually victory.

Boy. And now, what of our present situation?

Man. The answer assuredly is, *Nil Desperandum*.

GREATER THAN EVER

are the calls upon our Mission Doctors, Nurses and Sisters in present conditions as they live and labour among East-end poor. Those calls are being MET to the UTTERMOST OF OUR RESOURCES. Please help us.—R.S.V.P. The Rev. Percy Ineson,

EAST END MISSION
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.